Prince VVell,here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech, ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu,this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Fal. VVeepe not ſweet Queene,for trickling teres are vain.

Ho. O the father,how how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake Lords,conuey my truſtfull Queene. For teares do ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hot. O Ieſu,he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot,peace,good tickle braine. Harry,I do not only marueil where thou ſpēdeſt thy time: but alſo,how thou art accompanyed.For though the cāmomil the more it is trodē on,the faſter it grows:yet youth, the more it is waſted,the ſooner it weares:thou art my ſon,I haue partly thy mothers word,partly my opinion, but chiefly,a villanous trick of thine eye,and a fooliſh hanging of the neather lip, that doth warrant me.If then thou bee ſonne to mee, here lieth the point:why,being ſonne to me,art thou ſo pointed at?ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate blacke-berries?a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſon of England proue a thiefe,& take purſes? a queſtion to be askt.There is a thing, Harry,which thou haſt often heard of,and it is known to many in our land,by the name of pitch.This pitch(as ancient writers do report)doth defile:ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for Harry,now I do not ſpeake to thee in drinke,but in teares; not in pleaſure,but in paſſion;not in words onely,but in woes alſo:& yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company,but I know not his name.

Prin. VVhat manner of man,and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith,and a corpulent, of a cheerfull look,a pleaſing eie and a moſt noble cariage,& as I think, his age ſome fifty,or birlady,inclining to threeſcore,and now I remēber me,his name is Falſtalffe:if that man ſhold be lewdly giuen,he deceiues me,For Harry,I ſee vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit,as the fruit by the tree;then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that Falſtalffe,him keepe with,the reſt baniſh: and tell me now, thou naughtie varlet,tell me,where haſt thou bin this month?

Prince.

Prin. Doſt thou ſpeake like a king? do thou ſtand for mee and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me; if thou doſt it halfe ſo gravely,ſo maieſtically both in word and matter,hang mee vp by the heeles for a rabbet ſucker or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well,heere I am ſet.

Fal And here I ſtand,iudge my maſters.

Prince Now,Harry,whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord,from Eaſtcheape.

Prince The complaints I heare of thee,are grieuous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are falſe:nay: Ile tickle ye for a yong Prince yfaith.

Prin. Swearſt thou,vngracious boy?henceforth nere looke on me,thou art violently carried away from grace,there is a dīuell haunts thee,in the likeneſſe of an old fat mā,a tun of man is thy companion:why doſt thou conuerſe with that trunke of humors,that boulting hutch of beaſtlineſſe,that ſwoln parcell of dropſies,that huge bombard of ſacke,that ſtuft cloke bag of guts, that roſted Mannin gtree Oxe with the pudding in his belly,that reuerent vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in yeeres,wherein is he good? but to taſt ſacke and drinke it?wherin neat & clenly, but to carue a capon & eat it? wherein cunning,but in craft? wherin crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all thinges? wherein worthy,but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you, whom meanes your grace?

Prince That villanous abhominable miſleader of youth,Falſtalffe,that old white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord,the man I know. *Pri.* I know thou doeſt.

Fal. But to ſay,I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know:that he is old,the more the pitie,his white haires do witneſſe it:but that he is,ſauing your reuerence,a whoremaſter,that I vtterly deny:if ſack and ſugar be a fault,God helpe the wicked:if to be old and merry bee a ſin, thē many an old hoſt that I know,is dām'd:if to be fat,be to bee hated,thē Pharaos lean kine ar to be loued.No,my good lord, baniſh Peto,baniſh Bardol,baniſh Poines,but for ſweete Iacke

 Falſtalffe,